

The Legend Begins

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Summary: He starts to climb the hill. The Vikings are rushing around him, they all want to see him. He knows what they expect from him, but he's not sure he's able to give it to them. Yet he will have to. It's his destiny, it has always been. So, slowly, he lifts up his head.

The Legend Begins

Second translation yay! A big thank you to cashewkitty, my adorable beta reader.

This one shot is based on the cover picture of the HTTYD 2 Artbook, and on the song 'The Legend Begins' by Audiomachine. I originally made it so that the text more or less follows the music, but it's a bit shorter in English than in French so you might finish reading before the song ends. But I still encourage you to listen it at the same time.

Well I hope you'll like it, please leave a review to tell me what you think :)

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The atmosphere is suffocating. A cloud of smoke and dust is slowly dispersing, to reveal the black area of the hillside in front of him. The strong smell of carbonized grass and burned earth attacks his lungs. Far away, the sun shyly starts to get through the clouds, its blinding light cutting out the dark shape of the hill.

He picks up his sword. It's still warm. The familiar sensation of the handle in his palm reassures him. He passes his other hand through his hair. It's plastered with sweat and dried blood. Some of it has burnt, and crumbles between his fingers. He lowers his eyes. The split leather of his trousers reveals his lacerated thigh. A bit of

blood still flows out of it. But the pain doesn't affect him anymore.

Behind him, the Vikings are getting up one after the other, also observing the extent of their wounds, and looking for their family and friends. Amidst the sighs of relief and the held sobs, he knows they are here. He doesn't need to turn around, he can feel their deep breath and their assured tread, making the ground vibrate under his only foot.

The dragons.

Slowly, he moves forward. His wounded leg hardly supports his weight, and the metal of the other one is damaged enough to endanger his balance.

But he's used to it. He calmly puts one foot after the other, staring at the horizon.

"Look, it's him!"

A murmur runs through the crowd of Vikings. He continues his walk, impassive. He doesn't realize that the space around him is getting smaller and smaller as people rush forward. But he feels the weight of the many expectant looks on him.

He starts to climb the hill. The black dust disperses in little coils at each of his steps. He slips several times, but doesn't fall. Staring at the top of the hill, he observes the sun progressively crossing the frontier between sky and earth as he comes closer to it.

A curious agitation comes over the crowd. The Vikings are rushing around the hill; those who can't stand up use their friends, the parents take their children on their shoulders, some use their dragon. They all want to see him.

He arrives at the top, looking serious. He doesn't dare face all the heads turned hopefully toward him. He knows what they expect from him, but he's not sure he's able to give it to them. Yet he will have to. It's his destiny, it has always been. Even if he hasn't always seemed to be aware of it, he assumes it now.

So, slowly, he lifts up his head. The sunlight forces him to screw up his eyes, but he can still see every face, every gaze, from the kind one of elders to the attentive one of adults, to even the almost fascinated one of children.

And he finally lets a smile cross his lips.

Then, he remembers his sword, which he holds tight between his nervous fingers, and instinctively, he brandishes it above his head. The crowd immediately applauds and cheers, and the noise fills his ears and shakes him deep inside. It is way too impressive for him, he doesn't know yet how he's supposed to manage all that gratitude.

But he feels an unshakeable pride growing inside him.

A whistling noise suddenly comes to his ears. At the same time as the crowd, he looks above him to see the Night Fury flying over them. The

dragon is only a black and indistinct figure in the dazzling sunlight. He flaps his wings in his direction. When he passes over him, he drops a plasma blast which grazes his face and lights his sword.

Then, the new chief takes a deep breath, and lets out a cry, a victory cry coming from deep in his throat. He puts in it all he wishes to say to his people at that moment; his former resentment, his past fear, his present pride, his determination and his hopes.

And all together, Vikings and dragons answer him.

The legend begins.

End
file.